

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which hee stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour;
Against the which a moiry competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbrasse,
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles desaigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young Fortinbrasse
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Iulius fell
The graues stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Romane streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence Neptunes Empier stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of feare euent
As harbingers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe;
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast a y sound or vse of voice,
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contryes fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew:

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throate
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

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